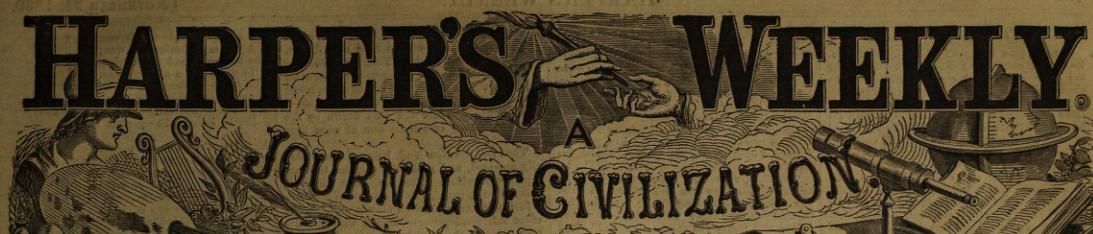


HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.



VOL. IV.—No. 204.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

[PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

SCENES IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

We give herewith an engraving of the Tomb of Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, South Carolina's greatest statesman. The obelisk in the left of the picture is a Monument to the memory of ROBERT J. TRUMBULL, "the intrepid and successful asserter of the Rights of the States, author of the Address of the Convention to the People of South Carolina, and other able productions in support of Constitutional Liberty." He was born 14th January, 1774, and died 10th June, 1853.

We give also an engraving of the OLD POWDER MAGAZINE in Cumberland Street, Charleston—one of the relics of the Revolutionary War. Here, previous to the surrender of the city to the British, in 1780, powder was stowed to the amount of about

100,000 pounds. By order of the American general in command it was taken from this place before the surrender, and secretly walled up in the Custom-house vaults, where it remained safe from discovery during the time the enemy held the city.

This relic of the past is still in good preservation, and is one of the most notable ancient buildings at present remaining in the city.

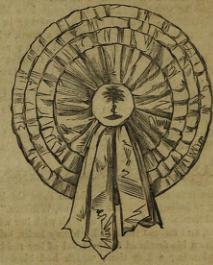
The reader will find also an engraving of the PALMETTO FLAG, which has been recently hoisted by vessels in the harbor, and in the streets of Charleston during the secession excitement. And of the famous COCKADE worn by the citizens of South Carolina generally. The last is of blue silk, with a button in the centre, on which is represented a palmetto-tree.



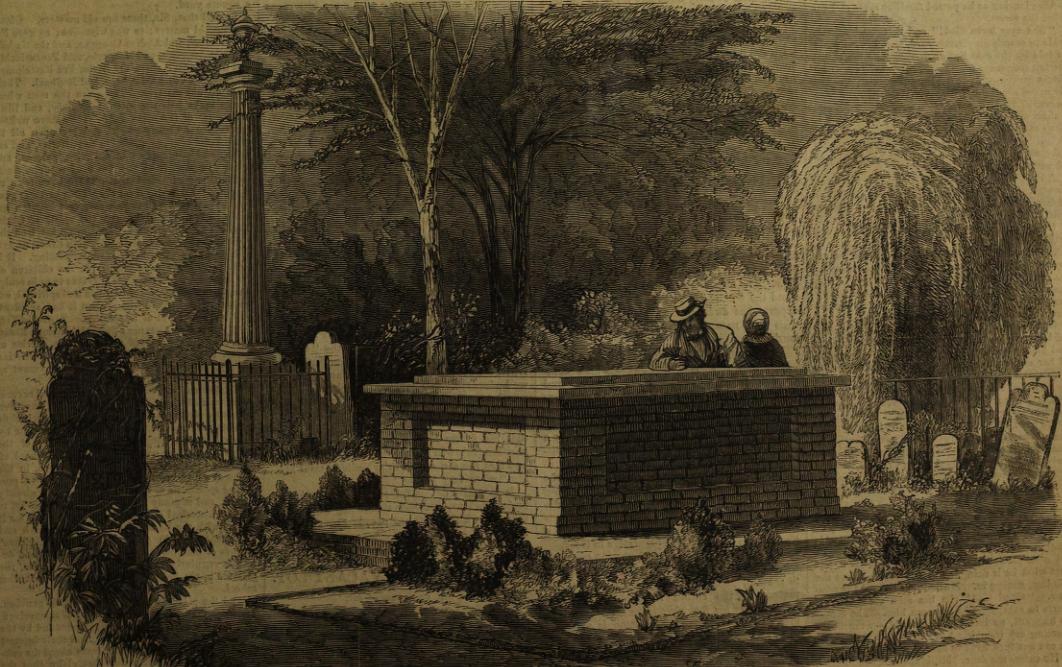
THE PALMETTO FLAG.



THE OLD POWDER MAGAZINE, CUMBERLAND STREET.



THE PALMETTO COCKADE.



TOMB OF JOHN C. CALHOUN, IN ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH-YARD, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

lected the nucleus of a complete gallery. As finer pictures of any master or period are received, they may be introduced in their places; but the collection as it is offers the place; so that with Kugler, or Mr. Jacobs's "Art-Studies," now in press, and of equal reference to the art, the student familiarizes himself with the history of Italian art, with its progressive illustration of Christian story and dogma, and with the peculiar merits of the most famous old masters. Hitherto this was impossible. We have had good pictures and interesting galleries, but they were miscellaneous and incoherent. The Bryan Gallery is rich in old German, French, and Flemish masters; but this is consecutive and well-arranged in its plan.

Of course for such pictures there is always a loud call and a ready sale in Europe. But Mr. Jarvis hopes that the interest in art in this country has sufficiently grown to justify his expectation that this Gallery will be retained in New York. If not, the pictures will cross the sea again and be sold. We are all interested that this should not happen, but that the Bryan should be retained and become the germ of a comprehensive metropolitan Gallery. Perhaps it is impossible that we should ever have in America the greatest pictures of the greatest old masters; but certainly we may have great and representative specimens of every country and time, so that we may see and study all that the art has achieved. For instance, you may see in Venice pictures more famous pictures of Giottos than you can nowhere see any work of his more luminous and glorious than one which Mr. Jarvis has obtained.

This collection is placed in two of the new rooms of the Dusseldorf Gallery, where it may be seen with that. Its presence here is an era. Giotto and Cimabue, Margaritone of Arezzo, and Taddeo Gaddi in New York! Shall we be less hopeless than Italy? Shall we entertain these illustrious guests unawares?

TIMES' CHANGES.

WHENEVER remembers certain historic events at Boulogne and Strasbourg, must smile to see England and Russia each trying to secure the friendship, and Austria hoping to avoid the enmity of the hero of those towns. It is the same Louis Napoleon; but he has taken the title at the flood since the time when he was a mere boy at the port for which he was then blindly fighting. Every man knows that he is to-day the arbiter of Europe, so far as any man can be. But the movement is one of nations and sentiments, and any man, even Louis himself, if he seriously opposes it, will be swept away.

Why then, did his Admiral invite the Sardinian Admiral to cease firing at Gesta?

Probably because the admiral or personal injury of the foolish young Bonaparte. The Italian question should be settled with as little difficult complication as possible. But suppose Bonaparte were taken prisoner, inevitably a kind of sympathy is aroused for him, and his captors would have drawn an elephant. What could they do with him? If his government is so atrocious that the people rise and destroy it, then what had captured them they could not reasonably be blamed for. What, then, could they do? They could not, with safety, take the extreme step of England with Charles First and France with Louis Sixteenth, even upon no higher ground than policy. They couldn't put him in prison comfortably to themselves, for he would be the nucleus of festering disturbance in the State. If they exiled him, they give him a certain prestige of misfortune. Let him, then, exile himself. Let him run away like a thief of the night. Let him fly before the hatred of his people and the enemies of the world.

Why may not such considerations explain Louis Napoleon's action? Of course he wishes no unnecessary complication. He is reconstructing the monarchical system in Europe. Elected by the people, he wishes to see other kings resting upon the same right.

Does it ever occur to the Emperor of France that people can only elect a man and not a dynasty? We are told that for the first time he can only be contented with the acceptance of the Bourbons by the ancestors of the French to-day would illuminate Louis Napoleon as monarch. Our agreement to have one man for our king to-day can not bind our unborn children to have an unborn man for their king when we of to-day are all gone. If L. N. reigns by the will of the people, his son must have the same title.

Do you suppose he thinks of these things as he plays chess in the garden with the little Prince? Do you suppose any man in Europe knows it more fully than he?

A STORY OF TWO GIANTS.

Is a poor man should put up a shanty in the Park, because he could not possibly pay any ground-rent, would he be ejected, or, do you think, or permitted to remain? He would be ejected, a miserable squatter, a vagabond, a lawless savage, and sent about his business with a kick and a curse? Undoubtedly he would; and the newspapers would make as much sport of him as they did of Branch.

Well, now, suppose a millionaire puts up a pier upon the city property along the river, because he chooses not to pay any rent, do you see any difference between the performance of the poor man in the Park and the rich man upon the pier? Is that one not just and the other not? What do you call apprenticeship, what doesn't belong to you, and what you know doesn't belong to you? Is there any moral difference between taking the property of several thousand people and the property of one man?

Once upon a time there were two great giants, and they did not speak English! They came to a small city, and began to eat up the people. People looked aghast, but the giants said, "Froh! pooh!" So they ate the great steamboat routes, and smacked their-chaps. Then they ate the little

steamboat routes, and the ferry rights, far and near, and waxed very fat, and said, "Froh! pooh!" Then one of the giants went and ate up a poor little country in Central America, with red graven from man's veins; and he smiled plumbly. Then the other of the giants, who had tried to eat up whole continents, but after he had swallowed a great piece of Legislature, something stuck in his throat, so that he couldn't swallow any more; and he coughed and coughed, and behold! a Governor that was too tough for the giant. So he grinned terribly, and cried, "Froh! pooh!" Then having made all ready, the two great big grins, they devoured the city. One of the men of government of the Bank of England, and the other end; and when they had eaten that, they were going to eat up all the streets. They jaws clapped and cracked together, and the giants cried, "Froh! pooh!" But one day the people suddenly answered their "pooh! pooh!" and cried, "Haw! Haw! Haw!" or perhaps it was "Haws! Haws!" Probably it was, because there were so many people, and the giant was afraid. And then the giant's great jaws looked at the people, and said definitely, "Froh! pooh!" But the people said to them, "What have you ever done for us but make money out of us? What do we owe to you, that you should take what belongs to us without paying for it? How have you ever excited our gratitude, our admiration, or our love, that you should presume upon our consent to your pocketing our precious possessions? What, in heaven's name, are two great, big, voracious, insatiable giants?"

Then the two giants could only answer, "Froh! pooh!" But the people took it up, and replied, "Froh! pooh!" so terribly, that the two giants shrank, and withered, and disappeared. And over the grave of one was written, "Froh! pooh!" and over that of the other, "Froh! pooh!" And all good, little children, would better be so, so that they would like to build shrines in the Park. Five or six, rather than he nothing but great big giants who only eat up railroads, and ferries, and streets, and who, when they are gone, have only "Froh! pooh!" for an epitaph.

A GIFT.

THE "season of mirth and mellow fruitfulness" of which Keats sings, is but the decorated antechamber to the most genial and gracious season of the year—the time of Thanksgiving, and Christmas, and New Year. And these are all festivals of the heart. They are consecrated to sympathy, gratitude, and affection; and therefore they are especially the season of gifts. For a gift is symbolically a piece of my heart given to my friend. When a man gives a gift, he has affection in a mind, and when he gives it, he has affection in a mind, and the thing given, but the feeling it expresses, which is the value of a gift. The cup of cold water which Philip Sidney took from his parched lips and handed to the dying soldier is the most precious gift in history.

But it is a pleasant thing when both are contented with the pleasure of the giving, and the pleasure of the giving. And for this purpose, Dr. Palmer has made his book of "Folk-Songs." The title is translated from the expressive German *Volkslied*, which means literally a folk-song—a people's song—not a song for the *dilettante*, for any particular class or sympathy, but a song of the universal heart—a song of passions and emotions which the human heart everywhere incomprehensibly comprehends.

Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is the most

ancient of the English poems.

They have helped him in every way they could, and especially by contributing autograph copies of some of their most popular verses. These have been carefully engraved, and are a most delightful and unique ornament of the work. Besides this our best artists, Kenett, Eastman Johnson, McLean, M'Donough, Church, Parsons, Boughton, Darley, and others, have helped to make the book a success, and Houghton's Riverside press, at Cambridge, has done his printing, so that the book is the most unique and exquisite and valuable gift-book ever produced in this country. The preface of the compiler of the work—the least of whose labors has been the selection and authentication of the poems—is expressed with a dainty delicacy becoming the successful achievement of his purpose. He is a man of too much taste not to know and enjoy the literary result of his long labor; and public opinion will confirm the verdict of his honest and natural pride in calling his "Folk-Song" a perfect gift-book.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGEZ.—Was not the mishap of Prince's Hall at the Academy of Music a providential hint, in this case of freedom and of democracy, of their country's destiny?—The poor man cast on a very artificial stand, and that of such slender means as to give way under foot at the slightest movement?"

"ONE OF THE PEOPLE."

Yes, it seems really so. But of one people, like all the people, must not forget that democracy is in the spirit, not in the form. If the best man in the city could be found, he would be the best government, and, if we were wise, we should make him the best government. The democratic system is merely an effort to find that best man, and a confession that, since we cannot tell whether we have found him or not, we must keep trying. The good is true, are Heaven's peculiar law. But who, but Heaven, shall tell us who they are?"

The final argument for the democratic system is, that permanent power is proved to be too intoxicating; and that, in the evident inability to find the really best man for ruler, all the people must ask themselves what that man prefers.

The despotic rule of ten men or ten thousand or ten millions is quite as bad as the despotism of one. It is worse, as it gives the despotic ten hands is more formidable than the ordinary one-handed king. There is no safety in systems, but only in single, isolated individuals. And therefore it is that, if you can be sure of the heart and conscience of a man or a people, it makes little difference what the form of the government is. If Washington had been king, he would doubtless have governed us as well as he did under the name of President; and he had the wisdom to see that the chances were always against any individual arbitrarily selected, as a good ruler. Cromwell may be a natural king. But bad Richard Cromwell?

The superiority of the democratic system is in the calculation of chances. So you see the most important thing we can do is to protect the natural liberty of the individual, which does not interfere with the equal liberty of every other. If Louis Napoleon does that, he does so that the American system can do. If the American system fails to do that, it is just so far despotism.

A great step is taken when no *ruler* is recognized in society. Now we have gained so much as this as to the right of the people to do what they do in other countries. We are not *sovereigns*—cannibalistically walk through New York with our eyes and open without discovering that the *feudal* of rank prevails. It will never get further. The world may talk, but it will never turn round and go backward.

The Prince and his friends, and probably his friends more than the Prince, saw that our system is reciprocal in its effects; that is, it constantly affects the people so that they are better prepared to use it. It appeals less to the *aristocracy* than to the common sympathy. So it is throughout. Mr. Yancey was so far right when he said that the Union is dissolved the moment you try to coerce. It is so; for the Union coheres, and can cohere, only by mutual consent; and that consent will last so long as the general interest is promoted; and the general interest will be promoted so long as the people are free and move just as well as more and more and more. In every "one" of the people's will look to himself, the system of the government will take care of itself, and all aristocracy and all arbitrary privilege will go where last year's fogs have gone.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE TRIO AT WARSAW.

WINS: Victor first began to reign. Wins: Victor first began to reign.

WINS: The Teutons' leaves.

WINS: He must always be a lucky man.

And two of them are.

The first was a Russian;

And the other was a Prussian;

And the third was a King of Kasi;

Three Doves altogether.

The Russian chafed with envy;

The Prussian span a yawn;

And the little King was waxed with wrath.

The Russian was choked with self-will;

The Prussian made swallow his yawn;

And the King of Kasi was waxed with Kasi;

With a Chorus under his arms.

THE DAWN OF REVENGE.

WINS: Victor first began to reign.

WINS: The Teutons' leaves.

WINS: He must always be a lucky man.

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WHAT TURNS THE HAIR GRAY.

A lady who, though in the prime of life, had lost all desire for her man, and thought of Douglas as the only man she could imagine that makes my hair turn so gray; I sometimes fancy it is the essence of rosemary with which my hair is turned gray; but I should rather be afraid, Madam," replied the distinguished dramatist, dryly, "that it is the essence of your master what he should give to the old woman asked question, 'Does your master warrant his shoes?'—Answer, 'Thomas,' said the master, 'that I warrant not, I make them good for nothing.'"

An Irishman tells us of a fight in which there was only one nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the young one who was lost in the crowd."

Women who sue for breach of promise may fail to get money, but they generally receive heavy damages.

There was an old farmer who kept a large poultry-yard, and had one hen, who, notwithstanding her proper sphere of action, was a great nuisance to the crew. At last, after repeated attempts, she succeeded in running away into a crow. The farmer was taking his breakfast at the time, and, on discovering the author of the curious attempt, he returned home, in his hand the crow he had, minding him. "There's a hen in the house," he said, "but she'll not be good to me, and I don't like her. I am not willing she should be a crow. Go and catch her, and bring her to me." The man went, and, after some trouble, he brought the hen to the master, who said, "Sam, I am not willing to have a hen in the house, but she'll not be good to me, and I don't like her. I am not willing she should be a crow. Go and catch her, and bring her to me." Sam, he said, "I am not willing to have a hen in the house, but she'll not be good to me, and I don't like her. I am not willing she should be a crow. Go and catch her, and bring her to me."

A man excuses himself for marrying by saying that his friend said he drank too much for a single man.

Sam, he said, "I am not willing to have a hen in the house, but she'll not be good to me, and I don't like her. I am not willing she should be a crow. Go and catch her, and bring her to me."

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you would kindly please to let me keep upright, Sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could get up again."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

"You bring me to-morrow morning early, that file, and I'll wittles. You do this, and I'll be at that old Battery over yonder. You do this, and you never say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your haven't seen such a person as me, or any person, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any particular, no matter how small the particular, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted and ate. Now I'm among alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man with me in company, with which young man I am a Angel o' light. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way peculiar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in vain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warn in bed, and rock himself, but he may draw the chain of his heart, and think himself comfortable and safe; but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keepin' that young man from harmin' of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it very hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

"Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!"

I said so, and he took me down.

"Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you go home!"

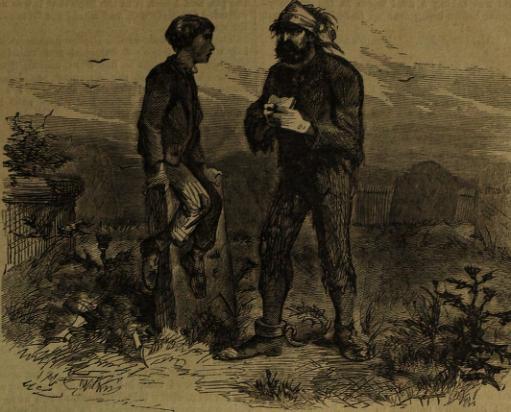
"Goo-good-night, Sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over his cold wet hat. "I wish I was a frog or a oel!"

At the same time he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as if to hold himself together—and limped toward the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the evergreen mounds, he looked in my young eyes, as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out his right hand, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face toward home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again toward the river. I was going him in his tracks, and picking his way with his bare feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there, for stepping-places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, nearly so broad, nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long, angular, and dense black clouds, like the bones of a dead animal. On the edge of the marshes I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered—like an unhooked cask upon a pole—an ugly slimy thing when you were near it; the other, a gibbet with some



"YOU YOUNG DOG!" SAID THE MAN, LICKING HIS LIPS AT ME, "WHAT FAT CHEEKS YOU HA' GOT!"

chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on toward this latter, as if he were the pirate coming to life and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the black cat-like life their eyes, I thought of that. I remembered when they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.

CHAPTER II.

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbors for the hand wrought myself by hand. Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband, as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she was a widow. She was a Gargery, I say, by hand. Joe was a fair man, with curly hair on each side of his smooth face, and eyes of such a very uncolored blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow—a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness.

Mrs. Joe, with black hair and eyes, had such a prevailing redness of skin that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square, impregnable bit in front that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a power-

ful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason now why she should have worn it at all; or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off every evening.

Joe's food adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were—most of them, at that time. When I can come from the church-yard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, and having confidences as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me the moment I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney-corner.

"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip; and she's out now, making it a baker's dozen," said Joe.

"Is she?"

"Yes, Pip," said Joe; "and what's worse, she's got Tickler with her."

At this dismal intelligence I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great distress at the fire. Tickler was a large and piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled frame.

"She sat down," said Joe, "and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler, and she rammed out. That's what she did," said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the bars with the poker; "she rammed out, Pip."

"Has she gone long, Joe?" I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as not quite so very evil.

"Well," said Joe, looking up at the Dutch clock, "she's been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you."

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied Tickler to further investigation. She concluded by showing me. I often served

her as a comical missis to Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney and quietly fended me there with his great legs.

"Where have you been, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot. "Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worry, or I'd have you out of that corner if you was fifty Pips and he was five hundred Gargerys."

"I have only been to the church-yard," said I, from my stool, crying and sobbing myself. "Church-yard!" repeated my sister. "If it warn't for me you'd have been to the church-yard long ago, and staid there. Who brought you up by hand?"

"You did," said I. "And why did you do it, I should like to know?"

I whimpered, "I don't know."

"I don't!" said my sister. "I never do it again! I know that. I may truly say I've never had this apron of mine off since born you were. It's bad enough to be a blacksmith's wife (and him a Gargery), without being your mother." She thought deeply upon this question as I looked disconsolately about the room. The fugitive out on the marshes with the ironed legs of the mysterious young man, the file, the victuals, and the dreadful pledge I was under to commit a larceny on those sheltering premises, rose before me in the avenging coils.

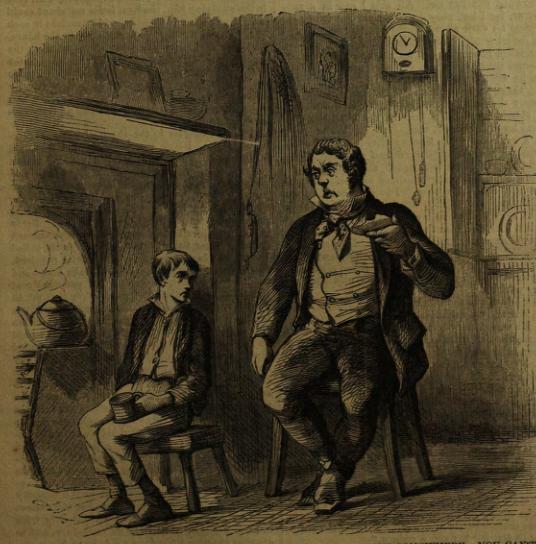
"Hah!" said Mrs. Joe, restoring Tickler to his position. "Church-yard, indeed! You may as well change your two too." "One of us, by the by, had not said it at all. "You'll drive me to the church-yard betwixt you one of these days, and oh, a pr-ocious pair you'd be without me!"

As she applied herself to set the tea-things, Joe peeped down at me over his leg, as if he were mentally easing me and himself up, and calculating what kind of pair we practically made, and under what grievous circumstances foreseen. After this he sat feeling his right-side fleshy ear and whisker, and following Mrs. Joe about with his blue eyes, as his manner always was at equally times.

My sister had a trenchant way of cutting our bread-and-butter fobs, that never varied. First, with her left hand she held the loaf, hard and fast, against the bib—when it got a good hold, and then, with her right hand, she took a afterward get into our mouths. Then she took some butter (not too much) on a knife and spread it on the loaf in an apothecary kind of way, as if she were making a plaster—using both sides of the knife with a slapping dexterity, and trimming and moulding the butter off round the crust. Then she gave the knife a final smart sweep on the edge of the plaster, and then saved a very thick round off the loaf, which she finally, before separating from the loaf, hewed into two halves: of which Joe got one, and the other the other.

On the present occasion, though I was hungry, I dared not eat my slice. I felt that I must have something in reserve for my dreadful acquaintance and his ally, the still more dreadful young man. I knew Mrs. Joe's housekeeping to be of the exactest, and that my labors and researches in the dead of night might find me nothing in the safe, therefore I resolved to put my hunk of bread-and-butter down the leg of my trowsers.

The effort of resolution necessary to the achievement of this purpose I found to be quite awful. It was as if I had to make up my mind to leap from the top of a high house or plunge into a great depth of water. And it made the more difficult by the unconscious Joe. In our above-mentioned freemasonry as fellow-sufferers, and in his good-natured companionship



"PIP, OLD CHAP! YOU'D DO YOURSELF A MISCHIEF. IT'LL STICK SOMEWHERE. YOU CAN'T HAVE CHAWED IT, PIP."



"YOU'RE NOT A FALSE IMP! YOU BROUGHT NO ONE WITH YOU!"

with me, it was our evening habit to compare his bite through our slices by silently holding them up to each other's admiration now and then—which in general led us to new exertions. To-night Joe seemed to be surpassing me by the display of his surpassing slices, to enter upon a friendly competition; but he forgot each time with my yellow mug of tea on one knee, and my untouched bread-and-butter on the other. At last, I desperately considered that the thing I contemplated must be done, and that it had best be done in the least improbable manner consistent with the circumstances. I took advantage of a moment when Joe had just looked aside, and got my bread-and-butter was gone.

Joe was evidently made uncomfortable by what he supposed to be the loss of his appetite, and took a thoughtful semicircular bite out of his slice, which he didn't seem to enjoy. He rolled it about in his mouth much longer than usual, pondering over it a good deal, and after all gulped it down like a pill. He was about to take another bite, and had just got his head on one side for a good purchase on it, when his eye fell upon me, and he saw that my bread-and-butter was gone.

The wonder and consternation with which Joe stopped on the threshold of his bite and stared at me were too evident to escape my sister's observation.

"What's the matter now?" said she, smartly, as she put down her cup.

"I say, you know it!" muttered Joe, shaking his head in me in very serious remonstrance. "It's old chap! You'll do yourself a mischief! I'll kick somewhere. You can't have chawed it, Pip."

"What's the matter *now*?" repeated my sister, more sharply than before.

"If you can cough any trifles off it up, Pip, I'd recommend you to do it," said Joe, all aghast. "Manners is manners, but still your chawed it, Pip."

By this time my sister was quite desperate, so she pounced on Joe, and, taking him by the two whiskers, knocked his head for a little while against the wall behind him; while I sat in the corner, looking guiltily on.

"Now, perhaps, you'll mention what's the matter," said my sister, out of breath, "you staring great stink-pig."

Joe looked at her in a helpless way; then took helpless bite after bite, and again.

"You know, old chap," said Joe, smiling, with his last bite in his mouth, and looking with a confidential tone, as if we were quite alone, "you and me is always friends, and I'd be the last to tell upon you any time. But such a—" he moved his chair and looked about the floor between us, and then again at me—"such a hon-
common Bolt as that!"

"Being boiled in his food, has he?" cried my sister.

"You know, old chap," said Joe, looking at me, and not Mrs. Joe, with his bite still in his cheek. I Bohed, myself, when I was your age—frequent—as a boy I've been among a many Bolters; but I never see your equal yet, Pip, and it's a mercy you ain't chok'd dead."

My sister made a dive at me, and fished me up by the hair: saying nothing more than the awful words, "You come along and be dosed."

Some time ago, I had a notion to make this drug as a fine medicine, and Mrs. Joe always kept a supply of it in the cupboard; having a belief in its virtues correspondent to its horrible nastiness. At the best of times so much of this elixir was administered to me as a choice restorative, that I was conscious of going about, smelling like a new fence. On this particular evening the urgency of my case demanded a pint of this mixture, which was poured down my throat in a most agonized convulsion, while Mrs. Joe held me under her chin, and I was to be held if a boot-jack. Joe got off with half a pint; but was made to take that (much to his disturbance, as he sat slowly biting and meditating before the fire), "because he had had a turn." Judging one afterward, if he should say he certainly had one, before he had had none before.

Conscience is a dreadful thing when it accuses me or boy, when in the case of a boy, that secret human co-operation with another, eructed down the log of his remorse. It is (as I can testify) a great punishment. The grim knowledge that I was going to rob Mrs. Joe—I never thought I was going to rob Joe, for I never thought of any of the housekeeping property as his—united to the necessity of always keeping one hand on the bread-and-butter as I sat, or when I was sitting on the floor, upon my small, cramped, aching, sore, and weary body. Then, as the March winds made the fire glow and flare, I thought I heard the fierce voice outside of the man with the iron on his leg who had sworn me to secrecy, declaring that he couldn't and wouldn't starve until to-morrow, but must be fed now. At other times, I thought, What if the young man who was with so much difficulty restrained from imbruting his hands in me, should either play me some additional impatience, or should mistake the time, and should think himself accredited to my heart and liver by night, instead of to-morrow? If ever my boy's hair stood on end with terror, mine must have done so then. But, perhaps, mine ever did?

It was Christmas Eve, and I had to stir the panelling for next day, with the copper-stick, from seven to eight by the Dutch clock. I tried it with the iron on my leg (and that made me think afresh of the man with the iron on his leg), and found the tendency of exercise to bring the bread-and-butter out at my ankles, more than amenable and unconquerable. Happily I slipped away, and deposited that part of my conscience in my garret bedroom.

"Hark!" said I, when I had done my stirring,

and was taking a final warm in the chimney-corner before being sent up to bed; "was that guns, Joe?"

"Ah!" said Joe. "There's another convic-
t what does that mean, Joe?" said I.

Mrs. Joe, who always took explanations upon herself, said, snapishly, "Escaped. Escaped." Administering the definition like Tar-water.

While Mrs. Joe sat with her head bended over her needle-work, I put my mouth into the former, and saying to Joe, "What's the matter?" Joe put his mouth into the forms of returning such a highly elaborate answer that I could make out nothing of it but the single word "Pip."

"There was one off last night," said Joe, aloud, "after sun-set gun." And they fired warning of another."

"Who's fire's firing?" said I. "That child, I interposed my sister, frowning at me over her work, "what a question is that! Ask no questions, and you'll be told no lies."

It was not very polite to herself, I thought, that I should be told lies by her, even if I did ask questions. But she never was polite, unless there was company.

At this point Joe greatly augmented my curiosity by taking the utmost pains to open his mouth very wide, and to turn the form of a question he looked to me like "sun-set gun." I naturally pointed to Mrs. Joe, and then my mouth into the form of saying "her?" But Joe wouldn't hear of that at all, and again opened his mouth very wide, and shook the form of a most emphatic word out of it. But I could make nothing of the word.

"Mrs. Joe," said I, as a last resource, "I should like to know if you wouldn't much mind if I went to the fire?"

"Lord bless the boy!" exclaimed my sister, as if she didn't quite mean that, but rather the contrary. "From the Hulks."

"Oh! Oh!" said I, looking at Joe. "Hulks?" Joe gave a reproachful cough, as much as to say, "Well, I told you so."

"And please what's Hulks?" said I.

"That's the way with this boy!" exclaimed my sister, pointing me out with her needle and thread, and shaking her head. "Answer him once, and he'll ask you a dozen directly. Hulks are prison-ships, eight 'cross' them. We always used that name for marshes, in our country."

"Why I wonder who put into prison-ships, and why they're put there?" said I, in a general way, and with desperation.

It was too much for Mrs. Joe, who immediately rose.

"I tell you what, young man," said she, "I didn't bring you up by hand to badge people's lives out. It would be blame to me, and not praise, if I had. People are put in the Hulks for their murder, and because they rob, and do all sorts of bad; and they almost always begin by asking questions. Now you get along to bed!"

I was never allowed a candle to light me bed, and, as I went up stairs in the dark, with my head tingling from Mrs. Joe's thieving, having played the tambourine upon it to accompany her last words, I fled fearfully sensible of the dire consequence that the Hulks were hard for me. I was clearly on my way there. I had begun by asking questions, and I was going to rob Mrs. Joe.

Since that time, which is far enough away now, I have often thought that few people know what secrecy there is in the young, under terror. No matter how unreasonable the terror, so that it be terror.

I was in mortal terror of the young man who wanted my heart and liver; I was in mortal terror of my interlocutor with the ironed leg. I was in mortal terror of myself, from whom an awful promise had been made; I was in mortal terror of deliverance through any all-powerful savior, who repudiated me at every turn; I am afraid to think, even now, of what I might have done upon requirement, in the secrecy of my terror.

If I slept at all that night, it was only to imagine myself drifting down a river on a strong spring tide to the Hulks; a ghostly party calling out to me through a speaking trumpet, as I neared the gibbet-shore, that I had better come ashore, and leave the ship, and not put it off. I was afraid to sleep, even to dream, when I was incensed, for I knew that at the first faint dawn of morning I must rob the pantry. There was no getting a light by easy fraction: then to have got one I must have struck it out of flint and steel, and have made a noise like the spirit himself rattling his chains.

As soon as the great black velvet pall outside my little window was shot with gray, I got up and went down stairs. I had a long walk, and every crack in every board, calling after me "Stop thief!" and "Get up, Mr. Joe!" In the pantry, which was far more abundantly supplied than usual, owing to the spirit himself rattling his chains.

As soon as the great black velvet pall outside my little window was shot with gray, I got up and went down stairs. I had a long walk, and every crack in every board, calling after me "Stop thief!" and "Get up, Mr. Joe!"

"What's in the bottle, boy?" said I.

"It's the man's," said I.

He was scarcely handing mince-meat down his throat in the most curious manner, more like a man who was putting it away somewhere in a violent hurry than a man who was eating it—but he left off to take some of the liquor, shivering all the while so violently that it was quite as much as he could do to keep the neck of the bottle between his teeth.

"I never have got the ague," said I.

"I'm much of your opinion, boy," said he. "It's bad about here. You've been lying out on the meshes, and they're dreadful agueh-rooms, too."

"I'll eat my breakfast after they're the death of me," said he. "I do that, if I was going to be strong up to that there gallows as there is over there directly afterward. I'll be the shivers so far, I'll be you a guinea."

He was gobbling mince-meat, meat, bone,

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the pie, and I took it in the hope that it was not intended for early use, and would not be missed for some time.

There was a door in the kitchen communicating with the forge; I unlocked and unbolted that door, and got a file from among Joe's tools. Then I put the fastenings as I had found them, opened the door at which I had entered when I ran home last night, shut it, and ran for the misty marshes.

CHAPTER III.

It was a rainy morning, and very damp. I had seen the damp lying on the outside of my little window, as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the window for a pocket-handkerchief. Now I saw the damp lying on the bare hedges and spare grass, like a coarse sort of spider-webs, hanging itself on the bare branches, and making the ground every rail and gate wet lay clammy; and the marsh mist was so thick that the wooden finger on the post, directing people to our village—a direction which they never accepted, for they never came there—was invisible to me until I was quite close under it. Then, as I looked up at it, while it dripped, it seemed to my oppressed conscience like a phantom devoting me to the Hulks.

The mist was heavier yet when I got out upon the marsh, so thick indeed of misty vapor, that every thing, every thing seemed to run at me. This was very disagreeable to a quiet mind. The gates and dikes and banks came bursting at me through the mist, as if they cried as plainly as could be, "A boy with a pork-pie! Stop him!" The black cattle came upon me with like suddenness, staring out of their eyes, and smoking out of their nostrils, "Halloo, young thing! Come back to us with a white crayon!"

—who had it mislaid, and was seeking for something of a clerical air—fixed me so steadily with his eyes, and moved his blunt head round in such an accostuary manner as I moved round, that I called out to him, "I couldn't help it! It wasn't for myself I took it off!" Upon which he put down his head, blew a cloud of smoke out of his nose, and vanished with a kick-up of his hind leg and a flourish of his tail.

All this time I was getting on toward the river; but however fast I went, I couldn't warn my feet, to whom the damp and cold seemed riveted, as the sun was going to the west, and the mist was running to meet. I knew my way to the Battery pretty well, for I had been down there on a Sunday with Joe, and Joe had, sitting on an old gun, told me that when I was present to him regularly bound, we would have such Larks there as should recompence us for our constraint at home. However, in the confusion of the mist, I found myself as last too far to the right, and consequently had to back along the river-side, on the bank of loose stones about which the water was shallow, and which the tide out to, came at the Battery. I had been along there with a pick-axe, and had broken the bank, and had just scrambled up the mound beyond the ditch, when I saw the man sitting before me. His back was toward me, and he had got his arms folded, and was nodding forward, heavy with sleep.

I thought he would be more glad if I came up to him, and told him my breakfast in that unexpected manner; so I went forward softly and touched him on the shoulder. He jumped up, and jolted up, and it was not the man, but another man!

And yet he was dressed in coarse gray, too, and had a great iron on his leg, and was lame, and hirsute, and cold, and was every thing that the other man was; except that he had not the same face, and had a flat, broad-brimmed, low-crowned felt on. All this I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it in; he swore an oath at me, made a hit at me—it was a remarkable blow, which passed me and almost knocked himself down for it made him stumble—and then he ran into the mist, treading twice as he went, and I lost him.

"It's the young man!" I thought. I felt my heart shoot as I identified him; and I dare say I should have felt a pain in my liver, too, if I had known where it was.

I was soon at the Battery after that, and there was the man—hugging himself and limping to and fro, as if he had never all night left off hating and loathing, waiting for me. I was as awfully cold, to be sure, as he was.

He did not turn me upside down, this time to get at what I had, but left me right side up while I opened the bundle and emptied my pockets.

"It's what's in the bottle, boy?" said I.

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He was scarcely handing mince-meat down his throat in the most curious manner, more like a man who was putting it away somewhere in a violent hurry than a man who was eating it—but he left off to take some of the liquor, shivering all the while so violently that it was quite as much as he could do to keep the neck of the bottle between his teeth.

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There was a door in the kitchen communicating with the forge; I unlocked and unbolted that door, and got a file from among Joe's tools. Then I put the fastenings as I had found them, opened the door at which I had entered when I ran home last night, shut it, and ran for the misty marshes.

"You're not a false imp?" You brought one with you?"

"No, Sir! No!"

"We give no one the office to follow you?"

"Well," said he, "I believe you. You'd be a fierce young bound indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched warm-
ing, situated as near death and dunghill as this poor wretched warm-
ing is!"

THE EXPLOSION OF THE PRO-PEPPER "GLOBE."

We publish on page 749, from a photograph taken by Mr. Alschuler, of Chicago, a picture of the pro-pepper "Globe" which exploded at Chicago on Saturday. It seems that the explosion took place at the wharf, about to discharge a cargo of apples which she had brought from Buffalo, when the accident occurred. The engineer had received orders to get up steam on the engine, to hoist out freight. The boiler was exceedingly hot, and but a trifling amount of steam on. The pumps were set at work, and the cold water pumped in at once caused the explosion. About fifteen people are supposed to have been killed by the explosion; among others, a gentleman named Hobbs, who had gone on board to look after some apples consigned to him, a little girl who was walking on the wharf picking apples, and others.

THE PRINCIPAL BOARDER.

My aunt's boarders consisted, first, of a certain city optician; secondly, of a widow, Mrs. Somers; thirdly, of a widow of a colonel, Lieutenant Mr. Somers, an East India merchant, who was believed to have made his fortune long ago, and to keep a business in Leadenhall Street by way of occupying his spare time. The archbishop, the cardinal, the pope of our establishment—in short, the principal boarder, was Mr. Simington, the East India merchant.

He was a stout, rosy man, about forty-five, good-humored, and well disposed to make himself comfortable and keep himself with everybody. Mr. Simington was a bachelor, and had three sisters in Pimlico, his three brothers in the city, his nieces in Worcester, and his nephews in Kent. All agreed—it was said to be the only point of agreement among them—that Mr. Simington never would marry. Mrs. Somers and her maiden sisters declared themselves of the same opinion, whenever occasion served.

He was fond of his comforts, too, confirmed in his bachelor ways, even to the point of self-indulgence, which they would have been very great deal too sensible for; but it was not for形式起見 that he would have money enough, and did not care for high connections; it was not to have a comfortable home—where could he be better cared for, and more studied, than in Mountford Place? Such was the published confession of the fair trio. To it Mrs. Captain Browne gave her adhesion now and then; but, like many maid-servants, its true reading was to be made only by the cardines; for to every certain portion of the history of the house, giving the largest share to my respected aunt, the next to Mrs. Captain Browne, and the third to the maid-servants, whose claims were balanced with some evenhanded justice, the boarders were equally sure of their rights. It is curious and not spite which compels me to declare there was not a pretty face in the quartette.

I had an inferior in the shape of Bessy, the orphan niece. Bessy was sixteen; but it would have been high treason against my aunt's crown and dignity, and brought down lightnings and thunder from the three next in command, to have called Bessy any thing but a child. In fact, she did not grow up to be a girl, but remained a child until she was twenty, when she was sent to the office of drudge and little girl. But she had to help in all her domestic difficulties our maid-servant, Stilly Stubbs, whom my aunt called her cook or her housemaid as exigencies required. She had also to wear short frocks, take bread and milk for breakfast, and go bed punctually at eight. A small, slender figure, a face that might have served as a model to the workers in the factory, and a pair of eyes which could bewilder and confound the most experienced eye.

She was scarcely handing mince-meat down his throat in the most curious manner, more like a man who was putting it away somewhere in a violent hurry than a man who was eating it—but he left off to take some of the liquor, shivering all the while so violently that it was quite as much as he could do to keep the neck of the bottle between his teeth.

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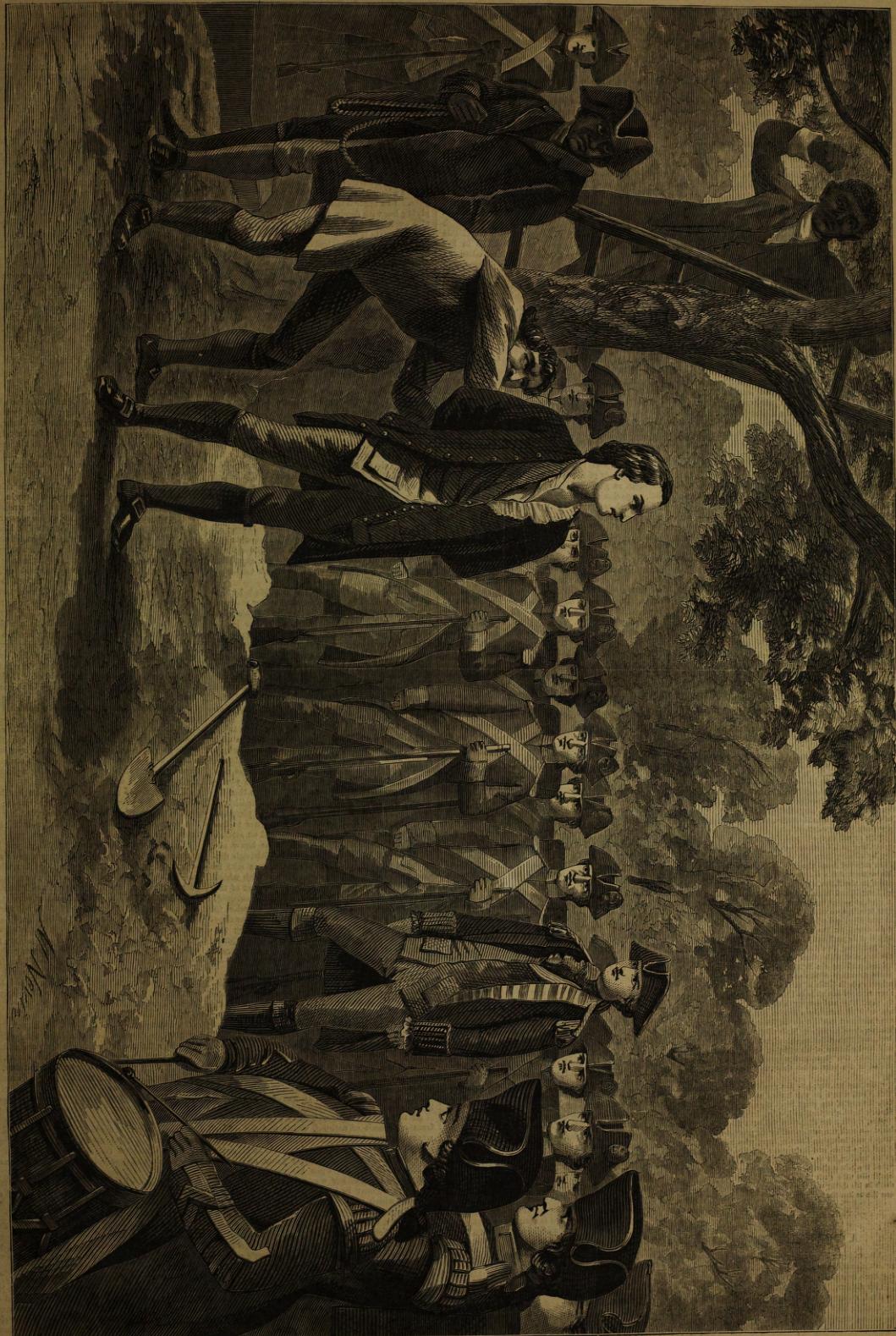
"We give no one the office to follow you?"

"Well," said he, "I believe you. You'd be a fierce young bound indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched warm-
ing, situated as near death and dunghill as this poor wretched warm-
ing is!"

My Aunt Somers always allowed that I was a young man of well-regulated mind—and she was



MEMORIES OF THE UNION—SERGEANT JASPER RAISING THE SOUTH CAROLINA FLAG ON SPRING HILL REDOUT, SAVANNAH, OCTOBER 9, 1779.—[SEE PAGE 746.]



MEMORIES OF THE UNION—EXECUTION OF NATHAN HALE ON THE SITE OF EAST BROADWAY, CORNER OF MARKET STREET, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1776.—[See Page 746.]

ceeded to arrange the room for the night: taking his own place in an arm-chair beside the bed.

The night wore on, and when the old man fell asleep at last, Servin fell inclined to follow his example. Yet in vain did he hope to make him to be watchful. He arose from the chair and moved about the room, opening the curtains, and gazing out into the dark and stormy night; he stirred the fire and placed himself beside it, trimming the lamp, and taking up a book; but he could hear Angélique, whose apartment adjoined that of her husband, moving cautiously about, and he listened for a moment with interest on the pages. Presently the sounds in the chamber ceased; nothing was to be heard save the moan of the wind without, and the crackling of the fresh wood he had piled on the hearth. He felt that the desire to sleep was overcome him, and, casting about for means of rousing himself, it occurred to him to make some coffee. Noisily opening the door, he listened for a moment at Angélique's door; all was silent, and he knew that she had not yet been to bed, or was ready for bed, for her white night-dress was her only covering. She entered her husband's room. Approaching the table on which his drink for the night was set, she removed the stopper from the carafe, and poured into it the whole contents of a bottle she carried. At this moment she heard Servin approaching; he was ascending the stairs, she saw the reflection from the light of his candle on the floor. Servin could not regain her chamber unobserved, but remembering that she had pulled her door close as she came out, she darted toward a large closet in her husband's room, lined with fixed wardrobes, and opening the door of one of these, stepped lightly in.

She had scarcely shut the door upon herself when Servin entered the outer room and shut himself in. She drew before her garments of which she had been in bed, or was ready for bed, for her white night-dress was her only covering. She entered her husband's room. Approaching the table on which his drink for the night was set, she removed the stopper from the carafe, and poured into it the whole contents of a bottle she carried. At this moment she heard Servin approaching; he was ascending the stairs, she saw the reflection from the light of his candle on the floor. Servin could not regain her chamber unobserved, but remembering that she had pulled her door close as she came out, she darted toward a large closet in her husband's room, lined with fixed wardrobes, and opening the door of one of these, stepped lightly in.

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Now he distinctly knew that he had replaced this stopper; a slight circumstance had impressed the fact on his mind; it had fallen from his hand upon the table, and had made a noise which had startled his master from his first sleep.

He laid down the half-filled glass and filled another with pure water, which the physician drank eagerly, and then, entering the corridor, Servin went to Angélique's door; it was closed, but not latched, and yielded to his touch. The fire was nearly out when he looked in, but, as his eyes became used to the half-light, he saw that the bed coverings were turned down, and that the bed was unoccupied. He called to his mistress, supposing that she might be in the dressing-room, but when no answer was returned he came in. He was sure that Angélique had been in her husband's chamber while he was first absent. He looked under the heavy valance of the bed, and examined every portion of the furniture under or behind which she might be. Last of all, he went to the closet, and, as by instinct, pulled open the leaf of the wardrobe and drew aside the president's robe of office, under which the guilty woman lay.

Her eyes met his, and without a word she rose and stepped from her hiding-place into the light.

"Madame," said Servin, "here is the agreement. You can not blame me if I now take measures to prevent any injury either to my master or myself. You must not leave this room till the physician, for whom I shall instantly send, shall have decided whether or no there be poison in the carafe the stopper of which I know was in my hand, but which I found lying on the table."

The most abject entreaties summed Angélique's first speechless terror, for Servin was deaf to her prayers. The rage which quickly supervened, when he flung himself on her in his endeavors to arrest her strength was no match for his; yet the struggle was long before he at last got her into the closet, which had no window, and then locked her in.

As soon as he had done that he proceeded to awaken one of the men-servants and sent him for the physician. His master was alarmingly worse; his thin voice was raised in fearful screams; his whole frame was agitated by vain struggles to get up.

"Did you dare to kill my beautiful wife?" he asked.

"Lie down, Monsieur. I assure you that Madame is safe. She prefers to await the doctor's opinion in your wardrobe closet; she is too much agitated to come out."

The physician stood at her side, as if trying to comprehend his words, and then, with a heavy sigh, sank back exhausted. Dawn was breaking when the doctor arrived. Having first attended to the patient, who was quiet, though still wandering in mind, he listened while Servin detailed his suspicions and the cause which had aroused them, and finally pronounced the carafe, filled with clear aqua-vite, at the bottom of which a white sediment had settled.

By noon on the ensuing day all Paris was in a ferment. The intelligence was in every mouth that Madame Tiquet, for an attempt upon her husband's life, was in prison and awaiting trial. The

Chevalier Mongeroge, also, who had been until near midnight at the Hôtel Tiquet, was under arrest, and was Angélique's maid. The girl had been her terror and despair all the time that Servin had been in bed, and into the hands of a lawyer, who had been sent for, she had frequently gone, accompanied by her, to the cabinet of Cattelan, whence she brought sometimes powders, sometimes liquids, which she told the girl were cosmetics that Cattelan's mother taught him to prepare. But the woman had watched, and had seen her mistress put portions of these things into the food of an Angora cat, and into the tea which she had prepared for her master. On one occasion the girl had been sent to drink some soup which stood in a bowl on her mistress's table, but had only taken one or two mouthfuls, when the lady came in, and was greatly enraged; throwing away the remaining contents of the basin. The maid was terribly ill for two days after that. At another time Angélique had sent her to Cattelan's with a letter, and a box of cosmetics, and into the hands of a hairdresser, who had been sent for, but there was no light within except from the flicker of her dying fire. Feeling that all was safe, he returned to his master's chamber, and taking a light, trod carefully along the corridor, and down the staircase to the lower story, to get the articles he needed.

Scarce had he reached the lowest step when Angélique's door opened without a sound, and she stood before him, pale and tremulous. She had been in bed, or was ready for bed, for her white night-dress was her only covering.

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When she gave the bottle to her mistress the latter had kissed it, and said, "I have here to punish all my enemies and make myself free. Have a care that you do not offend me." The girl had then asked her mistress what the phial contained? On which she replied, "Enough to prevent half a dozen men from ever finding a headache again." "Tell me what you have in that phial?" "It is opium and saffron." "Tell me what you have in that phial?" "It is opium and saffron." This had occurred five days ago. She said she had been afraid to tell, although she knew that it was poison which Cattelan had sent. On the day after the scene above described she had told her mistress that she thought she must tell some one of what she knew, for it lay heavy on her conscience; which Angélique had made her swear to keep it secret: telling her that if she told any one of it, she would be condemned to death; and that if she told, she would bring punishment on her own head, for she was now in the eyes of the law as criminal as herself. This, she said, had kept her silent. On her deposition Cattelan was arrested. In his house were found poisons of various kinds. In one bottle, from which she said he had poured what had given her, was a preparation of arsenic and aconite, which the physician who attended the president declared to be the same that was contained in the carafe of night drink.

Angélique, who quite recovered her audacity and self-possession, resented all entreaties to confess her crime, avowing that nothing should induce her falsely to condemn herself, and cast a stigma on her child. She declared that the whole charge was a conspiracy between Servin and her master, who had an interest together; that she had been before Servin, and was jealous of her influence, and had taken this method of getting rid of her. The torture by water was applied to her, but she held her agony with firmness. In the same chamber Cattelan was stretched on the rack, and for some time bore the torture without flinching; but as greater force was applied, he yelled, and made a full confession. He avowed that Madame had promised to marry him when her husband should be dead, and that as he himself was jealous of Mongeroge, he had meant to poison that person as soon as he could find an opportunity.

It was plain that Mongeroge, who had been arrested, was only guilty in his love for Angélique, and he was at once set free. He immediately repaired to the Hôtel Tiquet, and enforced admittance to the president, who was restored to his senses, though prostrated with pain and grief. Mongeroge confessed that he loved Angélique, and never again to never again to see her if her husband would aid him to endeavor to procure her pardon. The president agreed. His passion for his wicked wife was strong, and Mongeroge drew up in his presence a petition, which he signed. Then the chevalier departed to seek audience of the King, with whom he was a favorite.

It was of no avail the King's kind intervention. The crime of poisoning had fearfully increased, and he was advised, most urgently, to punish the first poisoner who could be brought to justice. Moreover, Mongeroge's relatives, who were of great consideration, having learned that the chevalier was about to intercede for Angélique, had been beforehand with him, and had besought that the law might be enforced. Pitying the young man's destitute condition, the King, in his moment in hand a commission from an aged child of fashion who would have given a year's income for a natural flower of hair like that of the deprecating daughter of need.)

"Ah, well, Monsieur! you are very hard, but I must take the sun you offer."

There was only a thin partition between us and the bureau in which the bargain was being concluded, and we could hear the sounds that the purchase was being consummated. The light entered the shop obliquely, and through the thinly-veined window of the bureau we could see the shorn lamb grasp the pittance with eager hands, while she hastily adjusted her bonnet, and with a challenging look in the glass, murmured, "In a low and distinct voice, as if to herself, 'But I am still pretty.'

"I should like to say," we inwardly exclaimed, "may Heaven temper its winds to your condition, poor child!" and took up our small purchase, and followed her.

There was something in her manner and her meagre gentility of dress which told us that she was on an errand of self-sacrifice; and may the guardian angels of poverty forgive the curiosity which tracked their protégée to her hole of holes!

It was a long walk, but her pace never flagged. She came out on the Avenue de Marigny, threading rapidly the crowded pavements of the Faubourg Sainte-Honoré, passing over the Champs Elysées with a single glance at the luxuriant equipages thronging the avenue up the Rue de Chaillot, and through the dingy streets leading to Passy, she at length entered a house which appeared as though it had long been a victim of the Court of Iniquity. Against the dust-ribbed and blistered door-post she was carried in to give his evidence, fired when he saw the elder prisoner, and declared that it was

she who had taught him to prepare the poisons, and who had counseled her nieces to administer them. Sentence of death was passed on all three. The young maid was passed in consideration of her voluntary confession, but the two others were condemned to die for life to the convent of St. Agathe. Cattelan managed to drag himself to the feet of his mistress and implore her pardon for having criminated her. "I forgive you, my poor Cattelan," she said; "it was pain which forced you to be yeoman and self and me. Let those who have compelled the fact answer for it to God."

Although the eyes of all of Angélique's guilt, yet the sympathy excited by her strange beauty and her fortitude extended far and wide among all classes in France. To add to the dramatic effect of her trial, by a strange coincidence it happened that the judge who condemned her was her former lover, Henri St. Chambert. She listened and then looked, according to the words of the sentence, to the words of the law, and said, "I am so strucken that the silence in the court." "Ah! Monsieur St. Chambert, is that you?" Formerly the words were reversed; you were the trembling culprit, I was the judge. I hear your sentence to-day with more courage than you heard mine." St. Chambert turned ghastly white, and was obliged to leave the room. For many minutes he could not control his feelings.

Redoubled efforts were made to procure Angélique's pardon, but the King refused to receive any more petitions in her favor.

Although to the last she encouraged herself with the idea of ultimate escape from her terrible doom, the day of her execution found her as (she was supposed) still under sentence of death. Dressed as she had been at her trial, and attended by a priest who vainly implored her to confess, she was borne on a cart through the streets of Paris, exposed to the gaze of thousands upon thousands. She bore it unmoved, and her sole anxiety seemed to be that her lovely hair should not be wetted out of curl by a slight rain that was falling. When she reached the place of execution, she said, peremptorily, to the priest: "I cease to be your mother, and I give my life to my husband and daughter."

"Tell Monsieur Tiquet I forgive him his share in the foul conspiracy which has brought me to this; and to the Chevalier Mongeroge give my kindest adieux, and my hair, if it must be cut off. So now farewell, for I will hear no more!"

Her companion in crime suffered first. In a few minutes she, too, ceased to live. The executioner was despatched, and many fell and were trampled to death. The smallest lock of her hair sold for a large sum. As for the writhed president, he retired from public life, and, living a life of utmost seclusion with his child, placed her, when sufficiently old, in a convent of the Sacré-Cœur, where she ultimately took the veil, about a year after her father's death.

She was the poisoner of this last history, the woman who was only that which the honest bookseller and jeweler gave to his little child when he first blindly suffered the foul-hearted woman who became his murderer to drop her poisonous words into her ear.

A HEAD OF HAIR FOR SALE.

"Berg, Monsieur, it is very little."

"I confess it, Mademoiselle, the sum I offer is very insignificant."

"See, Monsieur, my hair is a good color (it was a dainty rich brown), and it is very long (the peruke's right watered, for she unbound it, and it fell below her waist). Sombre, Monsieur, you will give me more than thirty francs?"

"On my word, Mademoiselle, I will not offer you more. Your hair is very beautiful, I admit, but in effect the article is in a complete drug at present. Trade is dull, very dull, and I know not when I should have use for it. Keep it, Mademoiselle, until the times improve. And besides, it is a pity that you should part with it at all."

(The peruke saw that the poor fish was ravenous, and he had hardly need to play his meagre bait. The rogue, in his moment in hand a commission from an aged child of fashion who would have given a year's income for a natural flower of hair like that of the deprecating daughter of need.)

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though itself was growing sallow with long-deferred hope, inscribed with the words "appartements meublés." It was a shallow pretext, but we rang the bell, and our summons was deliberately answered by a portress, whose ancient limbs seemed graying in the winter years and inflection.

"You have no apartments to let, I believe?"

"Yes; will Monsieur condescend to enter?"

"Thank you (the Rubicon passed). On what floor are they?"

"Au rez-de-chaussée, Monsieur, and they are very comfortable. We are quiet here, Monsieur, although not to be in the resort of fashion, but we do not claim to be 'en mode.'

Monsieur, now that the ice was broken, ventured to ask if the young lady who had just entered was a lacenaire.

"Oh! I Mademoiselle Marie, yes, Monsieur. Her mother is sick to the death, but Mademoiselle is a good girl, a brave girl, though Heaven only knows how the poor thing bears it. The Virgin must hear her tears, and carries the poor child through her struggles."

The wine had now arrived and assisted in melting our plot. Madame Justine would have a small glass (we did not fear its strength, and poured her out a tumbler), and it gave more freedom to her tongue.

"Stay, mon chou," said she to her grandchild, "and tell Madame this."

The little "cabbagé" told the lace piece we gave her with a glance of intense satisfaction, and replied: "Madame is wise, grandmother. She is excited, too; oh! so excited with Mademoiselle Marie."

"Is it so, poor child, and why is she so excited?"

"It is only because Mademoiselle has had her hair cut; but it is no shorter than mine." (The little "cabbagé" was pulled as close as a child in a Dutch picture.)

We saw that the time had come for making a clean breast of it, so we detailed to Madame Justine what we had witnessed in the peruke's shop, and hoped that Madame would point out any way in which a friend could serve her lodgers. Madame Justine was the first to speak.

"They are dead to those who should deserve their love, and they shrink from the pity of strangers. Listen, Monsieur, and you shall know their history." Justine then gave us the following narration:

Marie's father was an only child, and of a good family, and was educated for a physician. His name was M. de la Passe, and he was a man of great personal attractions, and many other young men under similar circumstances, he was gay in his living. But," said Justine, "he committed what would have been in any case a folly, and was in him a madman. He formed a connection with an actress, and eventually married her, and his family disapproved him. He was mad, very mad, for he knew only enough of medicine to administer it, and he was given to the theatre, and they had need of all their romance to make their realities tolerable. Madame, however, was faithful, and Marie was born to them. Soon after this event Monsieur died, his last moments being mad, bitter by the reflection that he was leaving his wife and child the prey of poverty, and Madame suffered herself and child by the same. She was poor, and gave lessons to earn a little. She had offers of engagement with the theatre, but she refused them, and fought on single-handed against her destiny. She had a hard struggle with the world, poor lady, but she held her ground until about six months since, when she was put hors de combat, the doctors say, with consumption, and she followed her husband at the quick step. Mademoiselle Marie is a clever girl, and is a good girl, oh! a very good girl. She has seen the world, the people left her by her prostitute mother, but I fear the poor child is nearly beaten in the double struggle with her heart and body. For you must know, Monsieur, that Marie has a little affair. She is the fiance of a sous-officer, who is now struggling with death before his time. He has been honored many times, and decorated for his bravery; but, after a long time Marie has only lived in a hospital with Crimean fever, and the poor child's anxiety is touching when she speaks of him."

Perhaps memory brought Justine a whiff of one of her own "little affairs" out of a grave-yard of the past, for a big tear at this stage of her narrative went rolling bodily into the uplifted eyelids—tears before she could recover herself the little "cabbagé" came running down stairs in a state of great terror.

"What is the matter, mon chou? Is Madame worse?"

"Oh, grandmother, she is in agonies, and Mademoiselle wishes to have a doctor!"

We offered our services, and invited the "little cabbagé" up stairs, and in a few moments that we were to accept the acceptance of our services we had time to take a survey of the apartment. It was naked in the extreme; but the few articles of furniture were arranged with so much taste and neatness as almost to give it an air of comfort; and a bouquet of common flowers which Justine had that morning brought from the market of the Madeleine was placed in a vase in the window. The partition between the two rooms was very thin, and we could hear the feeble voice of the sick lady.

"Great God! is every thing gone, my child, that you should sacrifice your beautiful hair?"

"It is no sacrifice, my dear mother, and it will be a long time before I have to make any more. I have no more hair to give, and I have no more to give."

Possible Effects of Disunion upon New York High Life.



SCENES UNDER THE NEW REGIME.



MATCHES—GREATLY REDUCED—BLACK YER BOOTS—GONE A BEGGING—SHAMEFUL ATTACK ON A FOREIGNER.

be stronger than ever before you will be able to walk out with her."

As we entered, Marie looked at us as if striving to recall our features, and then whispered to her mother that a doctor was in attendance. We passed over to the bedside of the sick lady, and saw that Marie was right. Her hair would be stronger than ever before her mother would be able to walk out with her.

The poor lady seemed exhausted by recent exertions, but at our visit she rallied, and murmured, "I feel too ill, my darling; may Heaven repay your devotion!"

Marie looked at us inquiringly. "We took the sick woman's hand, and felt that the pulse beat feebly. Her mind began to wander in a light and unconnected manner, and her eyes were growing dull, still, and listless with vacuity. We saw that the patient was suffering from the reaction of her late exertions; but we were anxious that a few hours more would bring her over to the grave, and we could only give her a little stimulant. Marie's eyes intuitively read our verdict, and we saw the big tears rapidly chasing each other down her cheeks, while she gently smoothed the sufferer's pillow, and whispered words of hope which it cost her much effort to utter.

After a little while the poor lady seemed a little to revive, and Marie became almost imperturbable with her tender offices; but she was interrupted by the entrance of the "little cabbage," who stole quietly into the room, and whispered a few words to Marie.

"Tell Monsieur," said the latter, "that we can not see him now. Will he call again?"

"Sir, he has told him that Madame is very ill, but he says that his business is urgent," replied the cabbage.

The conversation was carried on in a whisper, but Madame caught the burr. Her eyes brightened with a feverish brilliancy, and she said, in a voice strong for her,

"What is that, my child? Let Monsieur enter—who knows?" The last two words were uttered in a lower tone than the rest, as though they were the result of some thought flashing across her mind.

We stood passive. For although we knew the irritation of an urgent visitor was a matter of serious apprehension, we were aware that the duration of the poor lady's existence could at worst be affected by but a few hours, and we met the glance of Marie with a silent assent. The "little cabbage" disappeared, and in a few moments returned, ushering in a tall man, far gone in years, whose dress and manners marked him as a man of the higher ranks of society. He was clothed in deep mourning, and his face, which must have been handsome in his youth, was expressive of considerable haughtiness, overlaid and softened by the traces of painful suffering. We offered to withdraw, but Marie wished us to remain, and the stranger did not object. As he moved across the room to the bedside of Madame, we whispered her perilous condition, and Marie looked up from her mother's side imploringly.

"Mamma is very ill, Monsieur," said she.

"I am grieved to hear it," rejoined the stranger, in a low, tremulous voice, not unusual.

At the sound of his voice, Madame, who had fallen into an attitude of rest, made an effort to raise herself upon her arms, and looked steadfastly into his face as if seeking to recall something from the past. We saw that he was not equal to the effort, and spoke again in his low, nervous voice—

"Madame does not know me."

"I have not that pleasure, Monsieur," said she, with apparent indifference of her memory.

"You are Madame St. Auliere; and this," pointing to Marie, "is your child."



A HEAD OF HAIR FOR SALE.

"You are right, Monsieur. What then?"

"It is also my name," he replied, and he paused as if waiting for the effect, or to master his feelings.

Madame's eyes lighted up as if by the kindling of an inward fire. A superhuman effort of will gave her momentary strength, and with almost a spring she raised herself in her bed, and, looking fixedly at the stranger, exclaimed,

"I see, it is true, you are the father of my husband."

"And I am come to ask that the past may be forgotten, and to offer my regrets and my assistance. Will you accept them, and allow me to take up my duties as a parent?"

There was something like a glow of happiness on the flushed face of Madame as she glanced toward Marie, and rejoined,

"Be it so, for his child's sake. For me it comes too late. We have struggled long, and you have been very bad, Monsieur."

"My son was disobedient, and I was proud, but I am humbled; for I am left alone, and have long sought my lost child. Let those of us that remain speak only of the future."

These words were broken in their utterance, and it was evident that the speaker was suffering from violent emotion. Marie sat listening with the disengaged interest of a child. Her face was pale, the colourlessness uttered by her mother at this late recompilation; but it was vailed and darkened by the anxiety she felt for her dying parent. Her arms were tenderly twined round her mother, like a vine around the decayed tree which the next gale shall lay prostrate. She gazed wistfully at her mother's face, and once almost fancied that the

new hopes which had dawned upon their prospects had imparted fresh vitality to the sinking frame within her arms, but the illusion was only transient.

Mortality had gathered its supporters together for one last grand struggle with the champion of immortality, and the victory remained with the powers of the spirit world. Ere her grand father had time to speak, Marie fell into a fainting fit, the first of a hundred which was the precursor of death. Her arms were suddenly called upon for additional support, and she gazed with a terrified look upon the bloodless cheeks and closed eyes of her mother, and then silently appealed to us. We saw that the sufferer had ceased to suffer, and that the angels were about to lead home an other fugitive from its earthly prison; and we unwillingly left the poor girl's arms from the almost breathless gaze.

The patient was soon beyond the reach of worldly ministrations. Her pulses ceased to indicate the presence of life, and the brightest mirror would have passed unstained over her mouth. She was gone; and we retired from the presence of the grief that was too holy to be witnessed by a stranger.

When we descended we found Justice and anxiety regarding the patient in the parlour. She seated on a sofa, featuring with an almost ludicrous mixture of curiosity and earnestness, and with a volatility considerably accelerated by the remnant of our second bottle of wine, her questions followed each other with the haste of a flock of sheep with a dog at their heels.

"Was Madame better? Was Monsieur, the visitor, an old friend? Did Mademoiselle comfort herself tranquilly?"

We answered the first question in its order of precedence, and a single expression took possession of her face.

"Great God! and is it so, Monsieur? And Mademoiselle?"

"Is with her grandfather?" we rejoined.

"Did Monsieur say 'her grandfather?'"

"We replied in the affirmative.

"I see; Heaven is at length mindful of its own. Then Monsieur will care for her, and the storm lamb shall not be driven out into the wilderness," exchanged Jusline.

We were about to call next day to inquire after Marie, and we kept our word. The wrinkles in Justice's cheeks seemed to have very recently been the channels of an uneventful flow of water, which, in subsiding, had left the usual tide-marks on the banks. Mademoiselle, said she, had passed a wretched night. She had been dislate, inconsolable; but Monsieur, her grandfather, was prodigal of his sympathies, and the poor child was growing more reconciled to her loss.

"After the funeral," said Justice, "they will retire to the chateau of Monsieur, where Marie is to take the place of her deceased grandmother in the household. But I know not how long this arrangement will last," continued she, "for events crowd in rather thickly at present. Marie has received a proposal of marriage from a young man, unafforded, who is recovered, and about to return home to establish his health. He is a captain of his regiment now, and will not quickly submit to see his favorite comrade becoming the follower of another.

A few days subsequently we received a hand-some mounting ring from Marie's grandfather, accompanied by a note containing a warm butearnest expression of thanks from herself, and we have treasured both until now as mementos of one of the most painful incidents in our professional career.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

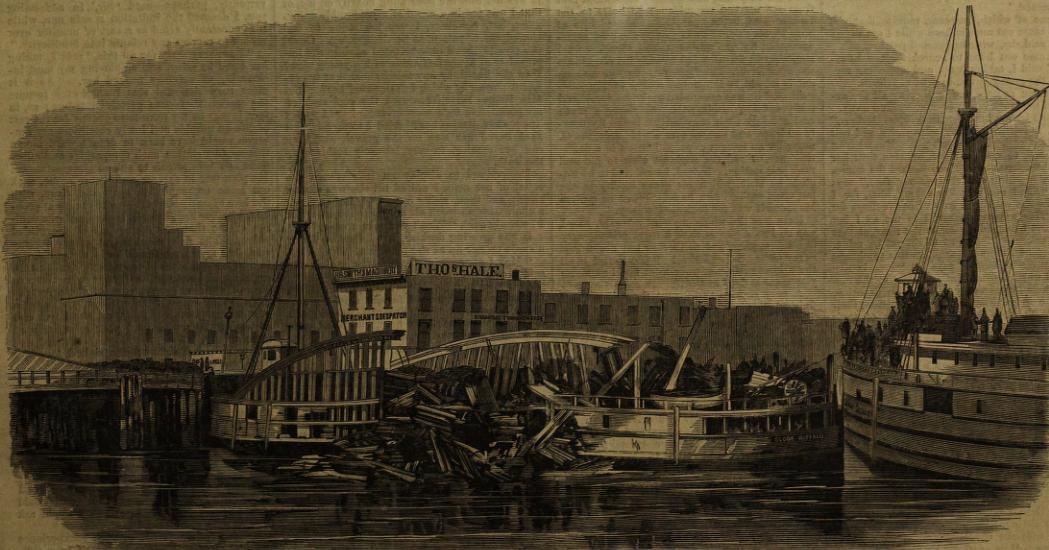
BY CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES MALLEY," "HARRY LOREKQUE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

As between the man who achieves greatness and him who has greatness thrust upon him there lies a whole world of space, so is there an immense interval between one who is the object of his own delusions and him who forms the subject of delusion to others.

My reader may have already noticed that nothing was ever said by me as to the life and manners of the man of my fancy. Most men who could "consize in Spain," as the old adage calls them, do so purely to astonish their friends. I indulged in these architectural extravagances in a very different spirit. I built my castle to live in it; from foundation to roof-tree I planned every detail of it to suit my own taste, and all my ready was to make it as habitable and comfortable as possible. At first I did not care for it as I did, though very often the tenane was a brief one; sometimes while breaking my egg at breakfast, sometimes as I drew on my gloves to walk out, and yet no terror of a short lease ever deterred me from finishing the edifice in the most expensive manner. I gilded my architraves and frescoed my ceilings as though all were to endure for centuries; and laid out the gardens and disposed the parterres as though we were to walk in them in my extreme old age.



THE EXPLOSION OF THE PROPELLER "GLOBE," AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, ON NOVEMBER 8, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

This faculty of lending myself to an illusion by no means adhered to me where the deception was supplied by another; from the moment I entered one of these castles of art, I was in a strange house, could scarcely forget where the stairs were, what this gallery opened on, where that doorway led to. No use was it to say, "You are at home here. You are at your own fireside." I knew and I felt that I was not.

By this declaration I mean my reader to understand that, while ready for any exigency of a story devised by myself, I was preferable at playing the rôle of a story for me by a friend; nor did this feeling diminished by the thought that I really did not know the person I was believed to represent; nor had I the very vaguest clew to his antecedents or belongings.

As I set out in search of Miss Herbert these were the reflections I revolved, occasionally asking myself, "Is the old lady at all touched in the upper story? Is there not something Private Asylum-like in her manner of speech?" But still, though in this special instance, she was a master of acuteness and good sense, I found Miss Herbert in a little arbor at her work; the newspaper on the bench beside her.

"So," said she, without looking up, "you have been making a long visit up stairs. You found Mrs. Keates very agreeable, or were you yourself."

"Is there any thing wrong hereabouts?" said I, touching my forehead with my finger.

"Nothing whatever.

"No fancies, no delusions about certain people?"

"None whatever."

"None of the family suspected of any thing odd, or eccentric?"

"Not that I have ever heard of. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it was a mere fancy, perhaps, on my part, but in a manner too fancy struck me as occasionally strange—almost flighty."

"And on what subject?"

"I am scarcely at liberty to say that; in fact, I am not at all free to divulge it," said I, mysteriously, and somewhat gratified to remark that I had excited a most intense curiosity on her part.

"Oh, pray do not make any imprudent revelations to me," said she, pettishly, "which, apart from the indiscretion, would have the singular demerit of affording me not the slightest pleasure. I am not afflicted with the malady of curiosity."

"What a blessing to you! Now, I am the most inquisitive of mankind. I feel that if I were a clerk in a bank, I'd spend the day prying into every one's account, and learning the exact state of his balance-sheet. If I were employed in the post-office no term of the law could restrain me from prying into every one's account. Tell me that any one has a secret in his heart, and I feel that I could cut him open to get at it."

"I don't think you are giving a flattering picture of yourself in all this," said she, pertly.

"I am aware of that, Miss Herbert: but I am also one of those who do not trade upon qualities they have no pretension to."

She flushed a deep crimson at this, and after a moment said,

"Has it not occurred to you, Sir, that people who seldom meet except to exchange ungracious remarks, would show more judgment by avoiding each other's society?"

Oh, how my heart thrilled at this pettish speech! In Hans Gräter's Courtship, he says, "I knew she loved me, for we never met without a quarrel." "I have thoughts of that, too, Miss Herbert," said I, "but there are outward observances to be kept, conventionalities to be observed."

"None of which, however, require that you should come out and sit here while I am at my work," said she, with suppressed passion.

"I came out here to search for the newspaper," said I, taking it up, and stretching myself on the grassy sword to read at leisure.

She arose at once, and gathering all the articles of her work into a basket, walked away.

"Dear me! what ails you, Miss Herbert?" said I, indolently, "any thing else but me, just as well. Pray don't go!" But without vouchsafing to utter a word, or even turn her head, she continued her way toward the house.

"The morning she slapped my face," says Hans, "filled the measure of my bliss, for I then saw she could not control her feelings for me."

This passage recurred to me as I lay down, and I could not help but feel that such a moment of delight might just now be.

The profound German explains this sentiment well. "With women," says he, "there is like the idol worship of an Indian tribe; at the moment their hearts are bursting with devotion, they like to cut and wound and maltreat their head. With them this is the ecstasy of their passion."

I knew that the girl was in love with me, and that she did not know it herself. I take it that the sensations of a man who suddenly discovers that the pretty girl he has been admiring is captivated by his attentions, are very like what a head-clerk may feel at being sent for by the house, and informed that he is now one of the firm! This may seem a commercial formula to employ, but it will serve to show my meaning. As I lay there on that velvet tuft, what a delicious vision of happiness did I find me! At one moment we were rich, wealthy, and famous through Europe, amassing art-treasures wherever we went, and despoiling all the great galleries of their richest gems. I was the associate of all that was distinguished in literature and science, and my wife the chosen friend of queens and princesses. How unaffected we were, how unspoiled by fortune! Approachable by all, our graceful benevolence seemed to elevate us ob-

ject and make of the recipient the benefactor. What a world of bliss this vise dress men call good fortune! "There—there, good people," said I, blandly, waving my hand, "no illumination, no bonfires—your happy faces are the brightest of all welcome." Then we were suddenly poor—out of caprice just to see what we should like it—and living in a little cottage under Snowdon, and I was writing. Heaven knows what, for the periodicals, and had got into a little orbit with a crew whom we constantly met by kissing each pretending that it was all the other's fault, till we ratified a peace in the same fashion. Then I remembered the night, never to be forgotten, when I received my appointment as something in the antipodes, and we went up to town to thank the great man who bestowed it, and he asked us to dinner, and I was fancied, more than polite to my wife, and I knew about it when we got home, and I recited it to them all, and they were more fond of friends than ever, and I swore I would not accept the minister's bounty, and we set off back again to our cottage in Wales, and there we were when I came to myself once more.

It is always pleasant—at least I have ever felt it, on awakening from a dream, or a reverie—to know that one has born himself well in some imaginary crisis of difficulty and peril. I like to think that I was born to be a hero.

"I am glad I have poor Dick at last

that fifty-pound note—my last in the world—and I rejoice to remember that I did not run away from that grisly bear, but sent the four-pound ball right into the very middle of his forehead.

You feel in all these that the metal of your nature has been tested, and come out pure gold: at all events I did, and was very happy that I could get clear of the little time that I could not clear of clear of dread—land, and back to the actual world of small debts and difficulties, and then I thought of the newspaper which lay unread beside me.

I began it now, resolved to examine it from end to end, till I discovered the passage alluded to me. It was so far pleasant reading that it was novel and original. A very able leader set forth that nothing could equal the blessings of the Pope's rule at Rome—people were to be good, and the world to be so content.

—All the grammars were full of it, and the jails empty, and the only persons of small incomes in the State were the cardinals, and that they were too heavenly-minded to care for it.

After this there came some touching anecdotes of that good man the late King of Naples.

And then there was a letter from Frohsdorf, with fifteen francs inclosed to the inhabitants of a village submerged by an inundation. There were pleasant little paragraphs, too, about England and all the money she was spending to propagate infidelity and atheism in the world.

She was the most eminent of all the great and especial objects of her policy—after which came insults to France and injustice to Ireland.

The general tone of the print was with every one but some twenty or thirty old ladies and gentlemen living in exile somewhere in Bohemia. None of these things touched me, and I was growing very weary of my search when I lighted upon the following:

"We are informed, on authority that we can not quite trust, that this young man, P., is making the tour of Germany alone, and in disguise, his object being to ascertain for himself how the various relatives of his house, on the maternal side, would feel affected by any movement in France to renew his pretensions.

Strange, undignified, and ill-advised as such a step must seem, there is nothing in it at all repulsive to the well-known traditions of the younger branch. Our informant himself met the P. at Mayence, and specially recognized him as being of the same family. The P. is the late duchess, his mother: he addressed him at once by his title, but was met by the cold assurance that he was mistaken, and that a casual similarity in features had already led others into the same error. The general—for our informant is an old and honored soldier of France—confessed he was astounded at the 'aplomb' and self-possession displayed by so young a man; and although their conversation lasted for nearly an hour, and ranged over a wide field, the C. was far from an insipid example of the young man, though not inferior in wit, or in the vivacity, nor offered the slightest clue to his moral rank and station. Indeed, he affected to be English by birth, which his great facility in the language enabled him to do. When he quitted Mayence it was for central Germany."

Here was the whole mystery revealed, and I was no less a person than a royal prince—very like my mother, but not so tall nor robust as my distinguished father! "Oh, Potts! in all the wildest ravings of your fond moments you never arrived at this!"

A very strange thrill went through me as I finished this paragraph. It came this wise. There is, in one of Hoffman's tales, the story of a man who, in a compact with the Fiend, acquired the power of personating whomsoever he pleased, but who, sat at last with the enjoyment of this privilege, and eager for a new sensation, called on the Devil himself to personate. Apparently Mephistopheles won't stand joking for he resented the liberty by depriving the transgressor of his identity forever, and made him become each instant whatever character occurred to the mind of him he talked to.

Though the parallel scarcely applied, the very thought of it sent an awful thrill through me. How great and acute it was very long before I could turn my eyes from the paper and read it on the veranda. There indeed was a master for vainglory! "It was but a brother's day," thought I, "and Lord Kidrum and his friends fancied I was their intimate acquaintance, Jack Burgoine; and though they soon found out the mistake, the error led to an invitation to dinner,

a delightful evening, and, alas! that I should own, a variety of consequences, some of which proved less delightful. Now, however, Fortune is in a more amiable mood; she will have it that I resemble a prince. It is a project which I neither abhor nor abet; but I am not churlish enough to refuse the rôle any more than I should spoil the Christmas revelries of a country-hound by declining the rôle of a knight or in the theatricals. I say, in the one case as in the other, "Here is Potts! make of him what you will. Never is he happier than by affording pleasure to his friends." To what end, I would ask, should I rob that old lady up stairs at No. 12, evidently a widow, and with not too many enjoyments to solace her old age—why should I rob her of what she has herself called the proudest episode in her life? Are not, as the moralists tell us, the joys of life feeding? Why, then, object to this one that is not even a jest for a few moments?"

Let me repeat it, that it only endures out our journey, and the poor old soul will be so happy, never caring for the fatigues of the road, never fretting about the innkeepers' charges, but delighted to know that his royal highness enjoys himself, and sits over his bottle of Chamberlain every evening in the garden, apparently as devoid of care as though he were a bagman."

I can not say how it may be with others, but for myself I have always experienced an immense sense of relief, actual repose, whenever I personated somebody else; I feel as though I had left the man Potts at home to rest and refresh himself, and took an airing as another gentleman: just as I might have spared my own paler by putting on a friend's coat in a thunder-storm. Now I did wish for a little repose; I feel it would be good for me. As to the special party I allotted me, I could fit it just as an obliging actor plays Hamlet or the Cock to convenience the manager. Mrs. Keates likes in, and I repeat, I do not object to it.

It was evident that the old lady was not going to communicate her secret to her companion, and this was a great source of satisfaction to me.

Whatever delusions I threw around Miss Herbert I intended should be lasting. The traits which I would invest myself in her eyes, my personal prowess, coolness in danger, skill at all military exercises, and the like, the wide range of general gifts and acquirements. I might accompany her through all time, and I am a sufficient believer in magnetism to feel assured that by imposing upon her I should go no small part of the road to deceiving myself, and that the first step in any gift is to suppose you are entirely suited to it, is a well-known and readily acknowledged maxim. Women grow pretty from looking in the glass; why should not men grow brave from constantly contemplating their own courage?

"Yes, Potts, be a Prince, and see how it will agree with you!"

CHAPTER XXI

MRS. KEATES came down, and our dinner was that day somewhat formal. I don't think any of us felt quite at ease, and, for my own part, it was a relief to me when the old lady asked my leave to retire after her coffee.

"If you should feel lonely, Sir, and if Miss Herbert would be willing, I could get you to company me through all time, and I am a sufficient believer in magnetism to feel assured that by imposing upon her I should go no small part of the road to deceiving myself, and that the first step in any gift is to suppose you are entirely suited to it, is a well-known and readily acknowledged maxim. Women grow pretty from looking in the glass; why should not men grow brave from constantly contemplating their own courage?

"Yes, Potts, be a Prince, and see how it will agree with you!"

"No, Sir, I assure you most solemnly that she has not; but being annoyed by what she repeated at the freedom of my manner toward you at dinner, she did not like to let me go, and to my remarks, and what she deemed the want of deference I displayed for her, she took me to task this evening, and without intending it even before she knew, dropped certain expressions which showed me that you were one of the very highest in rank, though it was your pleasure to travel for the moment in this obscurity and disguise. She quickly perceived the indiscretion of her remark, and said, "Now, Miss Herbert, that is an audience I have in possession of certain circumstances which I need not tell you the will nor the right to reveal, will you do me the estimable favor to employ this knowledge in such a way as may not compromise me?" I told her, of course, that I would; and having remarked how she occasionally—indecently, perhaps—used "Sir," in addressing me, I deemed the imitation a safe one, while it was constantly acted as a sort of monitor over myself, and I could not help relating it familiarly.

"I am very sorry for all that," said I, taking her hand in mine, and employing my most winning manner toward her. "As it is more than doubtful that I shall ever resume the station that once pertained to me; as, in fact, it may be my fortune to occupy for the rest of my life a humble and lowly condition, my ambition would have been to draw toward me in the modest station such sympathies and affections as might attach to one so circumstanted.

My dear friend, you will see that I have seen out some unrefined spot, and there, with the love of one—only—solve the great problem, whether happiness is not as much the denizen of the thatched cottage as of the gilded palace. The first requirement of my scheme was, that my secret should be in my own keeping. One can steal his own heart against vain regrets and longings; but one can not secure himself from the influence of those sympathies which come from without, the unwise pronouncements of sullen followers, the hopes and wishes of those who read your submission as mere apathy."

I paused and sighed; she sighed too, and there was a silence between us.

"Must she not feel very happy and very proud," thought I, "to be sitting there on the same bench with a prince, her hand in his, and he pouring out all his confidence in her ear? I can not fancy a situation more full of interest."

"After all, Sir," said she calmly, "remember that Mrs. Keates alone knows your secret. I have not the vaguest suspicion of it."

"And yet," said I, "indeed, it is to you I would confide it; it is in your keeping I would wish to leave it; it is from you I would ask counsel as to my future."

"Indeed, Sir, it is not to such inexperience as mine you would address yourself in a difficult case?"

"The plan I would carry out demands none of that crafty argument called 'knowing the

hand' that humor which Lord C. said embodied the prophetic wisdom of Edmund Burke with the practical statesmanship of the great Commoner. Perhaps you have read it?"

"No, Sir."

"Your tastes do not probably incline to affairs of state. If so, only suggest what you'd like to talk on. I am indifferently skilled in most subjects. Are you for the poets? I am deeply, from Dumas to the Bigelow Papers. Shall we be arts? I know the whole thing from Mme. de Staél and her school, and the Pochetines and the Puchists. Make it antiquities, agriculture, trade, dress, the drama, conchology, or cock-fighting—I'm your man; so go in, and don't be afraid that they'll discover me."

"I assure you, Sir, that my fears would attack far more naturally to my own insufficiency."

"Well," said I, after a pause, "there's something in that. Macaulay can make us afraid of the world, but the Washington Stanhope has made him to one of her Wednesday dinners, he always declined if I was to be there. You don't seem surprised at that?"

"No, Sir," said she, in the same quiet, grave fashion.

"What's the reason, young lady," said I, somewhat sternly, "that you persist in saying 'Sir' on every occasion that you address me?"

The ease of that indifference that should subserve the interest of the person addressed.

The pleasant interchange of equality. How is this?"

"I am not at liberty to say, Sir."

"You are not at liberty to say, young lady?" said I, severely. "Tell me distinctly what your manner toward me is based upon a something which you must not reveal?"

"I am sure, Sir, you have too much gravity to press me on a subject of which I can know, or ought not, to speak."

"The first idea that occurred to me was to get into my brain, while the princess de Beauharnais was in the room; and if I had been submitted to the thumb-screws; now, I would have died one of the Orleans family."

"Mademoiselle," said I, grandly, "I have been fortunately, or unfortunately, brought up in a class that never tolerates contradiction. When we ask we feel that we order."

"Oh, Sir, if you but knew the difficulty I am in."

"Take courage, my dear creature," said I, blushing condescension with something warmer.

"You will at least be rendering your confidence where it will be worthily bestowed."

"But I have promised, not exactly promised, but Mrs. Keates enjoined me imperatively not to betray what she revealed to me."

"Gracious Powers!" cried I, "she has not surely communicated my secret—she has not told you who I am?"

"No, Sir, I assure you most solemnly that she has not; but being annoyed by what she repeated at the freedom of my manner toward you at dinner, she did not like to let me go, and to my remarks, and what she deemed the want of deference I displayed for her, she took me to task this evening, and without intending it even before she knew, dropped certain expressions which showed me that you were one of the very highest in rank, though it was your pleasure to travel for the moment in this obscurity and disguise. She quickly perceived the indiscretion of her remark, and said, "Now, Miss Herbert, that is an audience I have in possession of certain circumstances which I need not tell you the will nor the right to reveal, will you do me the estimable favor to employ this knowledge in such a way as may not compromise me?" I told her, of course, that I would; and having remarked how she occasionally—indecently, perhaps—used "Sir," in addressing me, I deemed the imitation a safe one, while it was constantly acted as a sort of monitor over myself, and I could not help relating it familiarly.

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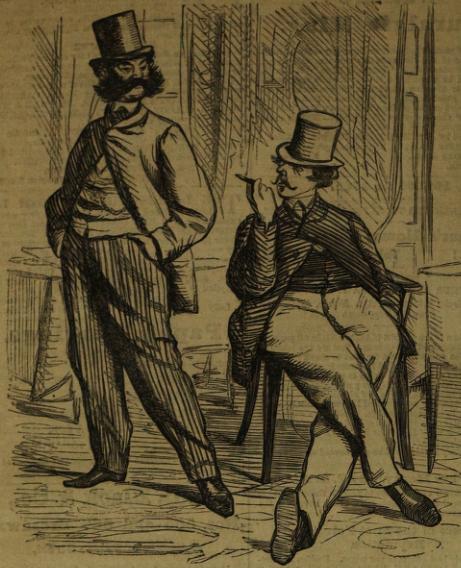
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"DE GUSTIBUS, &c."

DINGLE. "That style of whisker seems to me to give a wild beast sort of expression."

DANGLE. "Course it does. Exactly what I'm going in for!"



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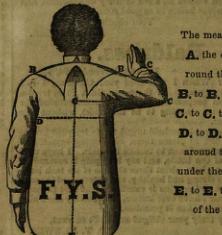
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